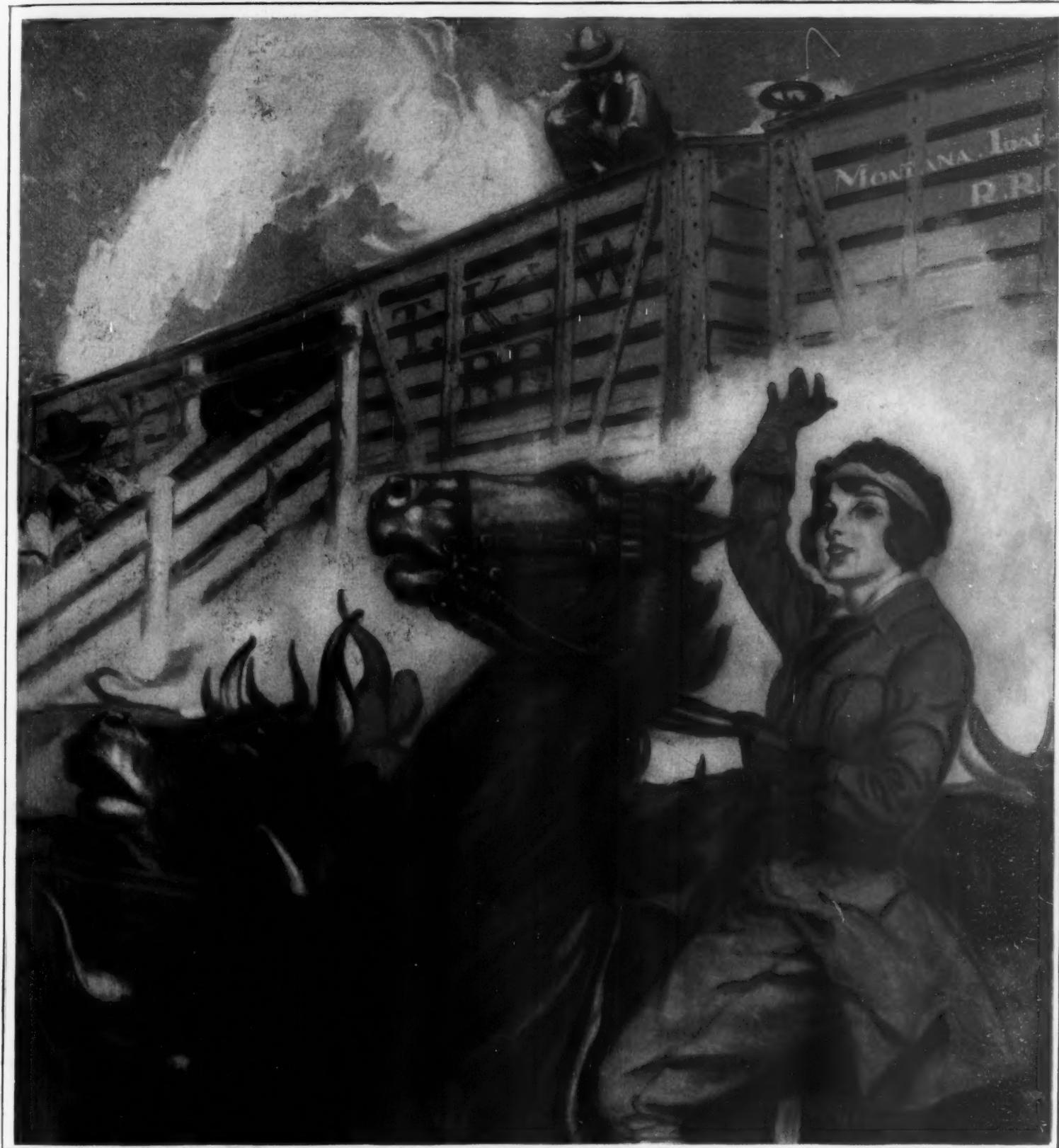


April 16, 1921

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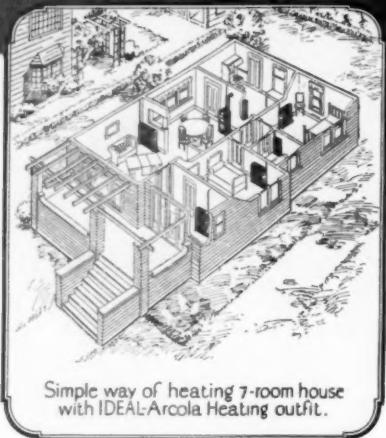
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65 *The War Is Not Over!" By G. Bernard Shaw*



AMERICAN RADIATOR CO



Simple way of heating 7-room house with IDEAL-Arcola Heating outfit.

Ideal-
ARCOLA
Heating Outfits



A Warm-all-over Home

THE Change of Seasons passes unnoticed in the home that is fortunate enough to enjoy the advantages of "ARCOLA Hot Water Warmth." The raw, damp days of Spring cease to be disagreeable. Indoor life has a new charm.

Just now—but a little warmth is required to remove the chill from the home, and this cannot be accomplished more economically or faithfully than with the ARCOLA Heating Outfit.

Every small home should have ARCOLA Hot Water heat—it is a profitable investment returning generous dividends in fuel

saving, comfort and protection of the family's health.

The IDEAL-ARCOLA gives low-cost healthful warmth, through hot-water radiators, to the small home, store or school. Places the cottage, with or without cellar, on the heating plane of the First Mansion in the Land. Replaces stoves, leaks no coal gas, wastes no heat up chimneys. Heats all rooms on less fuel than a stove requires for one room. Complete system, installed by your local dealer, costs but little more than a stove for each room; and far less than the old expense for a hot-water heating system.

Write for illustrated catalog showing open views of IDEAL-ARCOLA Heating Outfit installations in 4, 5, 6 or 7-room cottages, bungalows, flats, schools and small business buildings.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 53, 816 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago · Sales Branches and Showrooms in all large cities

Makers of the famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

How Would You Like to Earn \$300 Next Week?

Col. A. W. Wilke did it one day. J. F. Gibson jumped his earnings from \$150 to \$800 a month. Let me send you my secret of earning more money, to try 5 days free. All you risk is a two cent stamp.



MY name is Pelton—Albert L. Pelton. Four years ago I was as poor as a church mouse. I was out of a job, \$300 in debt, and my wife and two children were living on starvation rations. Yes, I've known the bitterest kind of want.

Today I have money and all that money will buy. I have my own home. I have no worries about high prices of food or clothing or rent.

Even if I never make another nickel I don't think I will have to worry about money matters.

During the past three years I have been making on an average of over a thousand dollars a week.

That's quite a change from the time I was "on my uppers," isn't it?

Now let me tell you how I did it.

You will probably think I am funny when I tell you that for twelve years I held in my hand the secret that at last won me riches.

But it's true.

For twelve years I struggled—with gold right in my hand.

It was this way:

I used to sell books—from door to door—eking out a poor man's living.

One of the books I sold was written by Dr. Frank Channing Haddock.

I never thought much about the book—although I sold a few from week to week.

For twelve years I never even took the trouble to read it.

It was called "Power of Will."

I didn't know anything about will power.

What's more I didn't care.

I thought it might be a good book for fellows who had to read it.

But I was too busy earning a living to bother about will power.

Probably I thought then, as tens of thousands think today, who've heard and read about this great book—that will power was some myth, or impractical thing for dreamers.

You see—I hadn't analyzed the lives of

the world's greatest men then, and discovered that will power is the mightiest force men have ever known.

I was fooling myself—cheating myself fearfully, as I found out later.

One day I ran across a man who had purchased the book from me a few months back.

He stopped me on the street and said, "Hello, Pelton, say, I'd like to have another copy of that Haddock book,—can you send it up right away?"

I told him I would. Then I asked him casually if he liked it.

What he told me made me go home and read the book myself—for the first time since I began to sell it twelve years before.

That same evening I borrowed \$300.

The next day I was in New York.

I secured the exclusive selling rights to the book.

Then I spent \$150 for a page "ad" in the Review of Reviews magazine.

It brought me about \$2,000 in cash.

As fast as the money came in I shot it back into advertising.

When I got \$2,500 in cash, I bought a half page "ad" in the Saturday Evening Post.

The first year I spent \$50,000 in advertising.

The next year I spent nearly a hundred thousand.

I guess I've spent over half a million dollars since my first \$150 "ad," and already 450,000 men and women—including great executives, international diplomats, famous authors, etc., also have taken up this study.

At first some people said I was crazy to advertise that book.

When they found that the book was selling—and that I was spending as high as \$20,000 a month telling people about it, they said I had more nerve than sense.

But, my friends, all this time I was simply taking my own medicine.

I was telling people that the will was the motive power of the brain—that a strong will could batter down every obstacle to success—that weak will-power could be made strong, as easily as the muscles of the arm could be made strong—and that simply because they didn't use their will power.

I had strengthened my own will and was using it when people were calling me "crazy." And it was my will power that people called "nerve."

Anyway, it was the secret of my success. Without it I might still be plodding—still can-vassing.

Or even if I had gotten up enough courage to advertise I might have made only a piker's success.

It was my will power that got me the \$300 loan.

It was my will power that got me exclusive sale of Dr. Haddock's book.

It was will power that made me plunge into advertising instead of going slowly.

And finally, it was my will power that made me say to the public—"Send No Money—Read Power of Will 5 days free. Pay me if you decide to keep it—Send it back if you don't want it."

That was a new sort of proposition to most people. They had nothing to lose—and a lot to gain, if the book was worth while.

So the orders came in by the hundreds—then by the thousands.

At times I was 15,000 orders behind—just couldn't print books fast enough.

And letters from readers came pouring in so fast I simply couldn't read them all. Col. A. W. Wilke of Roscoe, S. D., wrote that one day's study of "Power of Will" netted him \$300 cash the first day. V. P. Coffin, of Rochester, N. Y., wrote about one month after getting the book—"Power of Will" already has produced an increase of \$5,000 a year in my income." J. F. Gibson, of San Diego, Cal., said that since reading "Power of Will" his salary jumped from \$150 to \$800 a month.

Men like Judge Ben Lindsey, Supreme Court Justice Parker, Asst. Postmaster-General Britt, Governor McKelvie of Nebraska, Senator Capper of Kansas, Ex-Governor Ferris of Michigan—and a host of other big men, show the class of leaders who have studied Haddock's methods.

Surely, there must be something in "Power of Will" for you, my reader.

It helped me. It has helped half a million others. I could send you a circular mailed with hundreds of letters from readers. But, better still, see the book and read it five days free.

All you lose, if you don't think "Power of Will" will increase your earnings, is a two cent stamp.

It may make \$300 for you next week—it might carry you upwards to \$50,000 or \$100,000 in a few years—I don't know. I do know it has made a lot of money for its readers.

I do know, too, that if you pass this offer by—if you are a scoffer and a doubter—I will lose only the small profit on the sale of a book—but you—you may lose the difference between peanut money and real money.

It costs only 2¢ stamp to mail the coupon.

Don't wait 12 years—as I did. You may have gold within your reach and not know it. Send for "Power of Will" now. You've seen my ads before—now answer this one and see if this masterful volume doesn't contain the one little push you may need to make your life rosy-red. Begin training your will by sending in the coupon this very second.

A. L. Pelton.

Pelton Publishing Co.

47-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

Pelton Publishing Company

47-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

You may send me "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit \$3.50 or remail the book to you in five days.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Changing Wood Into Dollars



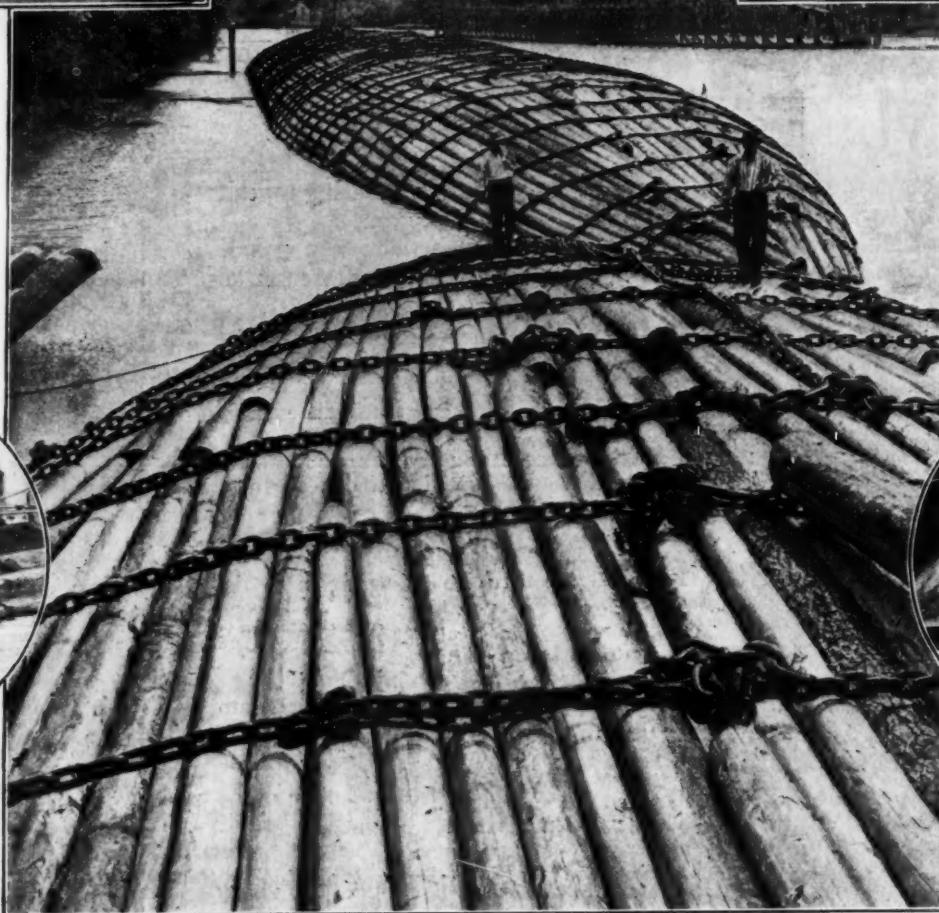
**When All Woods Look
Alike**

All trees are equal—in the eyes of the sawmill man. He treats them all exactly the same. When he is through with them they all look like this. Who would ever guess, for example, that into this plebeian pile of lumber went many proud Redwood trees—giant aristocrats of the forest, which for a great many years lorded it proudly over their lesser relatives in California?



**Excellent Food for the
Singing Saws**

Awaiting the flashing steel blades in the mill which will very promptly convert them into useful lumber. As they drift down the stream the logs are caught and held by great booms; then they are hauled out to meet their fate. Here such a jam isn't a serious matter, but higher up the stream it most decidedly is. When logs refuse to move, dynamite is often utilized to coax them on.



A "Rafter"

This chap's job is keeping the logs from jamming. Easy work? If you think so, try it yourself some day when there's something doing!



Slow Work

Before these fallen titans can be transported they must be sawed up. Some big ones in the Far West yield 12,000 "board-feet" of timber.

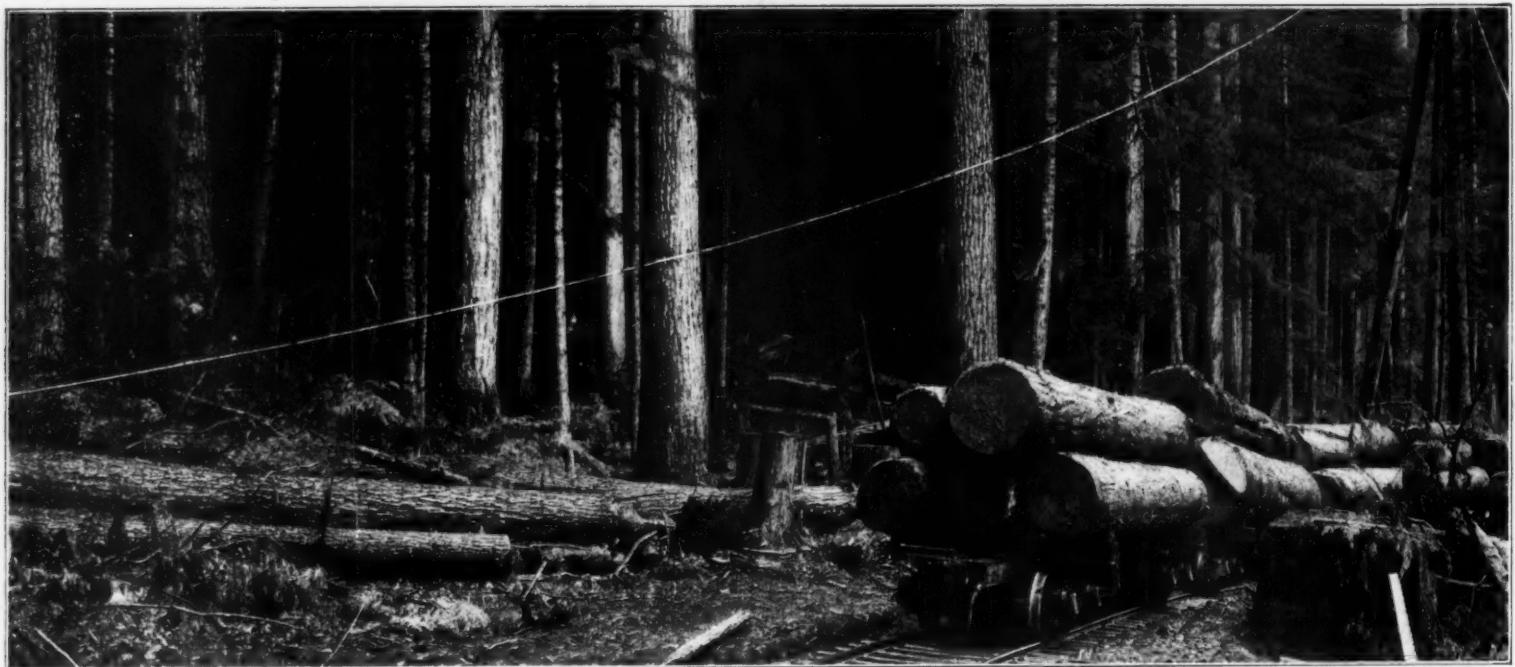


PHOTO: KENNEDY
When one recalls the fact that there are about thirty or more varieties of wood which are in great demand in the United States, the tremendous importance of the lumber industry is apparent. In 1919 some 4,256,933,000 board-feet of Southern Pine alone was produced, and the figures for other kinds are equally impressive. Vast labors in many fields have been revolutionized by the invention of labor-saving mechanisms; but today trees are hewn down, floated to a sawmill, and cut up into lumber pretty much as

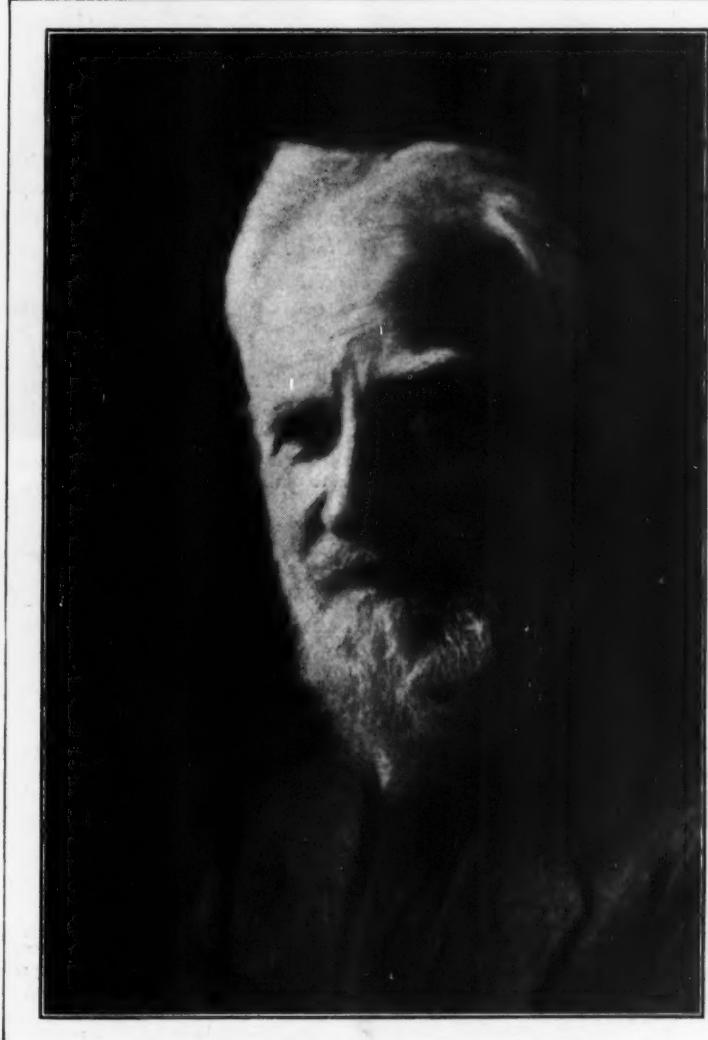
they were when America had just cut its young Republican teeth. The muscular power of strong, outdoor men is still much in evidence where timber is produced, as these snapshots bear witness. Here is a portion of a spruce and hemlock forest from whose rich heart small trucks carry away the felled monsters, destined to be dumped into a river, chained together in immense rafts (similar to those in the center), and floated to some noisy mill miles away. Transportation by water is slow; but it is inexpensive.

Leslie's

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Especially posed by Mr. Shaw for "Leslie's" and photographed by E. O. Hoppé of London.

G. Bernard Shaw has been called "the keenest mind in Great Britain," and while one may not always agree with him, his utterances provoke universal discussion.

The War Is Not Over!

By G. BERNARD SHAW

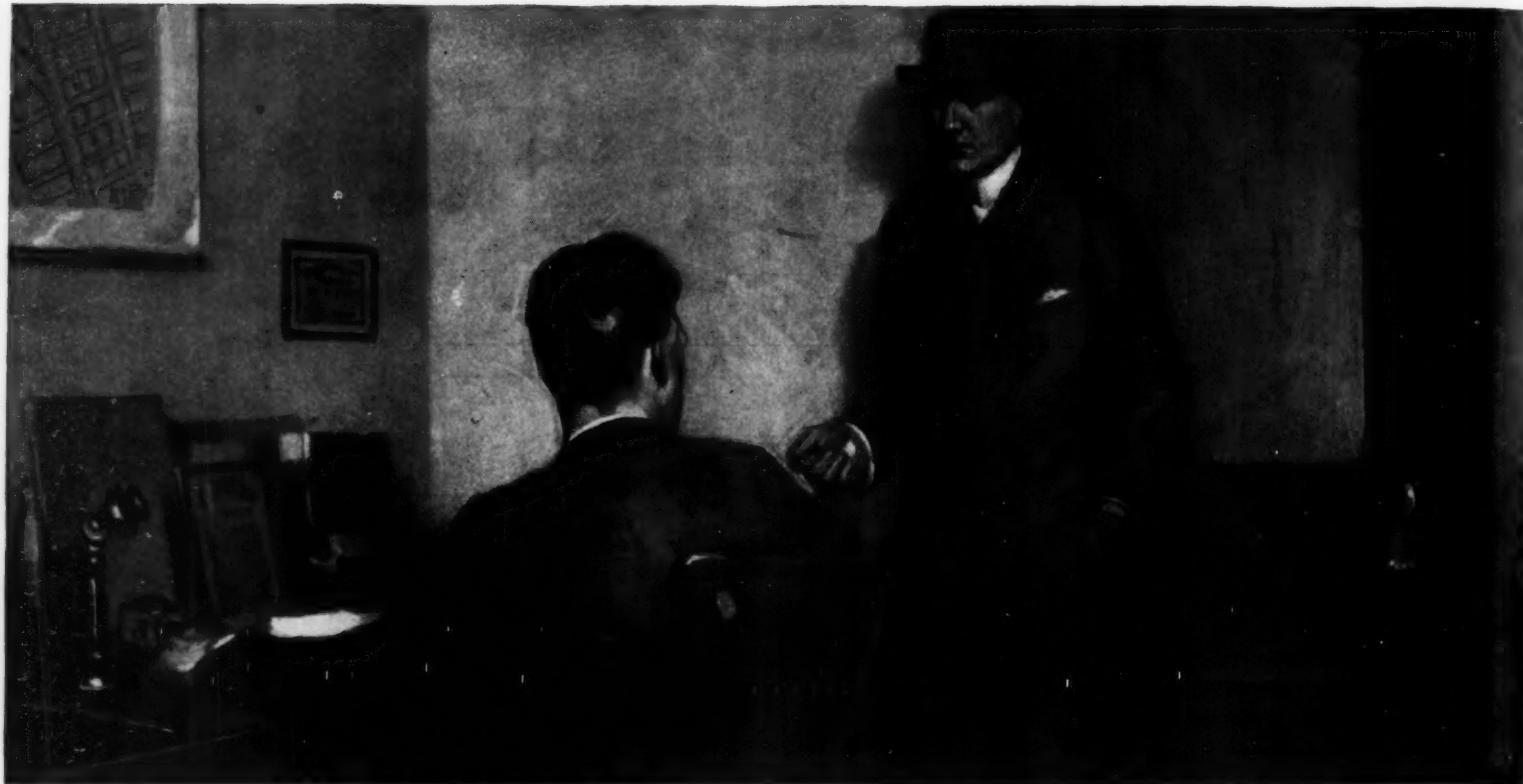
THE conditions here in Europe are very bad; and the prospects are worse. When a war is over, the first thing to be done is to get rid of all the men who have come to the top by pushing it through. A war needs for its successful prosecution men of one idea: the idea of winning at all costs. This is a soldier's business; and the soldier must be backed by statesmen—on whom Nature has imposed the limits that are imposed on the soldier by his profession. But the moment the war is over, this limitation becomes disastrous. The one idea of victory is replaced by the one idea of security: the dread of defeat, instead of being removed by victory, is merely transferred to the next war.

When the order was given to cease firing in 1918, it should have been followed instantly by an order for the transportation of MM. Clemenceau, Poincaré, Lloyd George, and Marshal Foch to some pleasant island in the South Seas or the Mediterranean, and the cutting off of all communication with that favored spot for three years at least.

Instead, they were left in charge of the affairs of Europe. Of course, they

simply continued the war against enemies who had surrendered on President Wilson's terms, which were promptly treated as scraps of paper. As there were no longer soldiers in the field to be killed, they killed children by starvation. As there were no more blockhouses and wire entanglements to be battered down, they battered down international trade, by which alone Europe could be restored after four years' devastation. They are doing it still. The war is not over: it has only become a one-sided war: that is, a massacre. If the massacre were being conducted by soldiers, at least the soldiers would be fed and clothed. But it is being conducted without them; and the result is that there are 200,000 unemployed men, *ci-devant* heroes, starving because they won the war. Even the profiteers are beginning to starve now, because their customers are ruined, at home and abroad.

That is the most cheerful news I have to offer. The remedy is, of course, to stop the war, and organize peace at all costs, just as the war was organized; but nobody seems to have the slightest intention of doing it. So much the worse for civilization!



Henry outlined his business. "I have a prospect out here this afternoon. I wonder if you'd like to show us around. One-third to you if he buys. You don't have to sell him. I'll tend to that. What about it?"

CATCHING A RAINBOW

By RAY CUMMINGS

Illustration by CLEMENT DONSHEA

YOU are not to assume that the moral of the story of Henry Randolph's business awakening points toward quitting one's job in order to establish an independent business.

Far from it. That happened to be Henry's course; but you can readily see had he stayed on his job and applied his original ideas there he would have had infinitely greater success than ever before. And so the moral you may draw from Henry Randolph's story is this: if you have imagination—use it. Find a new angle. Your business needs it, and the reward will be lavish.

It was a humble little ad under "Real Estate for Sale." It read:

ALL FOR THE BUYER

Are You Looking for a Country Home?

We PROTECT the buyer. We are not salesmen—have nothing to sell. If you intend BUYING A COUNTRY HOME, our expert knowledge of the DISADVANTAGES of all New York Suburban Real Estate is at your disposal without cost to you. Telephone, call or write.

Randolph-1874

185th St., Oak-871

Henry Randolph and his wife, as they looked at the ad that Sunday morning at breakfast, thought hopefully that it was extremely prepossessing. This was the ad's first appearance—an experiment in a new direction that was to start Henry and Bess toward real prosperity. Henry was general utility man for Hobson and Wells, one of the largest Real Estate concerns in New York City. He worked on a straight salary; and what had shaken him out of his rut was the sudden realization that this salary now, after two years of hard work, was not a great deal more than it had been at the start. Bess was not impatient at his slow progress. But Henry knew the world of confidence that his wife had in him. And he wanted to justify it.

To have a business of his own—that was the only way to progress with speed. A business of his own? But what? And how? A new business, even a small one, must have capital. Henry and Bess had never been more than five hundred dollars ahead since they had married.

Henry had turned the problem over in his mind for a long time. This ad in the Sunday paper was, they hoped, the solution.

Henry's idea as he had told it to Bess was this:

A man wanting to buy Suburban Real Estate—or almost anything else for that matter—is entirely on his own. Nobody helps him spend wisely.

Henry's idea was to *protect the buyer!* "All for the Buyer," would be his business slogan. He believed that he had found a new angle—to demonstrate before the buyer had completed his sale the *disadvantages* of real estate! Nobody had ever done *that* before.

Bess had listened attentively and had speedily concluded she could be almost as important a factor in the new business as Henry himself. To this Henry had agreed with enthusiasm.

This had been on a Tuesday evening. The rest of that week Henry went on with his daily work—he was not to give up his job until the experiment was proved a success—but Bess was busier than she had ever been before in her life. She had a list of things to do—stationery to get printed, business cards, contract forms and other supplies. Then too, all the Suburban Real Estate people had to be seen in their New York offices. From these visits Bess came home laden with maps, literature and photographs, and with her head nearly bursting with facts about the different properties. Every evening they absorbed all the general knowledge they could about each place.

When Henry got home Monday night the first day after the ad's appearance Bess met him at the door. "I've got four appointments for tonight," she exclaimed. "Four people called up about the ad. I persuaded them to come here—where we have all the information on file."

"Four of them! Good Heavens!" Henry was dumfounded.

"Not all at once," Bess hastened to reassure him. "The first about seven-thirty, the last, about half-past ten."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson called promptly at 7:30. Mr. Wilson was a small, fussy-looking man with side-whiskers; Mrs. Wilson an ample lady, with a red face and a jolly smile. Bess and Henry gravely seated them beside the living-room center table. This table had undergone considerable changes during the week. It now had a plate-glass top, and under this glass was a large map of New York City and suburbs.

"You are faced with the problem of buying a country home?" Henry began.

"Yes," said Mr. Wilson. "We——"

"Every city landlord is a profiteer," Mrs. Wilson put in swiftly. "Every one. Besides, we've got four children—the city's no place for them."

"I should think not," Bess declared sympathetically. "Children should live in the country."

"That's what I told William," said Mrs. Wilson. "Children ought——"

Henry laid a little contract form on the table before them. "Let me explain how we can help you," he began deferentially interrupting Mrs. Wilson. He then told them how he and Mrs. Randolph had an expert working knowledge of all the suburban properties, and would help them find just what they wanted.

"You see," he continued, "we four will look the market over. We will know what we want. Everybody will try to sell us what they've got, whether it is what we want or not. They won't tell us the disadvantages. But I know them—and I'll tell you. Every place has its good and its bad points. It's only a question of weighing them judicially. Do you get the point? See what an advantage that is over the old way?"

"How much will your services cost us?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"Not a cent," said Henry. "We are looking for real buyers. You are a real buyer. You simply sign this agreement with us saying that when you buy it will be as our client. Then when you do buy, we will collect our commission from the other side. That's clear, isn't it?"

"Quite," said Mr. Wilson.

"We will be just as much interested in your problem as you are," Henry went on. "We can afford to do this because ultimately, you will buy and we will get our commission. There's no lost time in it for us."

Henry produced another blank and enumerated on it the exact needs of the Wilsons as far as they could formulate them.

"I don't want to be more than ten minutes' walk from the station," Mr. Wilson stated with emphasis.

"We'll walk it with the watch out," said Henry smiling.

"There must be shade trees around the house," said Mrs. Wilson.

"And good soil for a little garden," Bess put in. "And Henry, make a note: a dry cellar. They look dry sometimes when they're not."

Finally it was all down on Henry's long itemized form.

"I never realized there were so many things you had to watch out for," said Mr. Wilson with a sigh. "Why, doing this alone——"

(Continued on page 414)

Northcliffe: Journalistic Dynamo

By GEORGE F. KEARNEY

AS the door opened into Lord Northcliffe's inner office, the telephone bell rang within. There was a sudden movement in the depths of a mammoth arm-chair, turned with its back to the door, and the receiver was seized impatiently. The secretary, who had me in charge, raised his eyebrows as if to say, "The Chief's in a bad mood." I trembled. The secretary bowed, looked sorrowfully at me, and closed the door behind him.

All the gloom of a late London afternoon had gathered in this musty study. Ghosts of the former proprietors of the *Times* stared in horror from their picture frames. The perpetual earthquake of printing presses increased its rumble as Fleet Street belched forth the last evening editions.

"This is Northcliffe. Who are you?" demanded the voice in the chair to the telephone receiver. It clicked. The bell tinkled and a footstool was kicked over. An arm shot out and savagely jiggled the telephone hook. The click returned. "Oh! . . . yes, this is Northcliffe . . . oh! . . . it's you! . . . you . . . yes, I've been trying to get you all day. . . . Ugh! That so? Ugh! Now, see here Mr. ——, I want to say to you . . ."

And what didn't he say! I pictured the poor fellow at the other end of the line growing smaller, and smaller, and smaller, until he crawled into the mouthpiece of his telephone. As the diatribe progressed the bellowing grew louder until the voice of Northcliffe drowned (as it always does) the rumble of the Fleet Street presses.

So in this chair sat the man who twisted the British lion's tail every morning at breakfast. I thought of Lord Kitchener who met his worst defeat in a full-page story in the *Daily Mail*. I felt I knew the reason, now, why Asquith's hair turned white when the Northcliffe press pulled the props of his government from under him. I understood, too, why Lloyd George is said to read the *Times* as he dresses in the morning. I appreciated the full force of the old saying, "Downing Street proposes but Printing House Square disposes."

STILL hidden from my view, Lord Northcliffe, unbudging a colossal soul into a wee mouth-piece, assumed legendary proportions. How empty seemed the flattering reference to Northcliffe as the "Reincarnation of Napoleon." I saw him, as the modern-day Midas, turning country hamlets into munition towns. I saw a man with seven-league boots stalking around the world negotiating loans and America's entry into the World War. I saw him hurling a barrage of telling propaganda leaflets into the enemy's lines.

"That's all I have to say," snapped my hidden host as he fairly threw the receiver back on its hook. The great chair grunted, gave a lurch, and Lord Northcliffe sprang to his feet.

"Oh!" I gasped in added amazement.

The big face glowered down at me. "Well, what are you oh-ing about?"

"Why—a, why—a . . . I was just thinking," I gulped honestly, "that you're a much younger man than I expected."

This tickled him. His brow unknotted itself. The fierce gleam in his eyes sputtered, then twinkled with amusement. A laugh gathered like a hurricane and swept over him. He kicked the overturned footstool back on all-fours. The sun broke through the fog in Printing House Square. Muffled cries of newsboys heralded the appearance of the last editions; the rumble of presses subsided and Fleet Street noises were lost in the symphonic roar of all London town.



Lord Northcliffe when he was plain Alfred Harmsworth and had just acquired the London *Daily Mail*, the most influential newspaper in Great Britain.

WHEN the laugh subsided Lord Northcliffe assumed a quizzical pose, his quick eyes taking in each article of my wearing apparel. He leaned against the mantelpiece of his fireplace and as he surveyed he questioned.

"Who are you? Yes, sit there. What paper do you represent? How long have you been in England? Who else have you seen? Were you in the war? Where did your Irish name come from? What town do you live in? How long have you been a newspaperman? Who are your editors? Will you smoke a cigar?"

Amid this torrent of questions I studied the man's necktie—outrageously red and odd-looking. His blue shirt with its crumpled soft collar interested me. The blood that surged into his face with every new question was quite a study.

He is a shaggy man. I would not want to say how often he combed his rumpled hair. His valet must have a hard time persuading him to change his suit. His shoes looked as though he had stepped all over them. Meet him coming out of the *Times* office and you could easily mistake him for the chief of the copy-desk slipping out for a glass of stout between editions. Your impulse would be to strike up an acquaintance and join him at the nearby Pub in search of the interest that twinkles in those strikingly youthful eyes.

In American newspaper parlance we would say he is "one of us." That is the way the English newspaperman (I beg pardon—"journalist") looks on him. He would say that Northcliffe was a "topping chap" and we would call him a "ripping feller."

Time and again, as he stood over me flinging uncomfortable questions at my head, I had cause to marvel at the remarkable difference between the irate publisher sputtering invectives behind his super arm-chair and the face-to-face Northcliffe. If a stranger had happened to stray into the room he might have thought we were two reporters (one an Alfred Harmsworth) talking "shop" while waiting in an outer office for a chance to interview the great Northcliffe.

Northcliffe was certainly up to his old tricks of turning the interviewer into the interviewed. Very few people who go to see Northcliffe ever get the satisfaction of finding out what he thinks, but he knows pretty well how the visitor stands before he lets

go his prey. They say in London he does this purposely to discourage personal calls from persons with axes to grind; and, then, again, it forces people to buy his papers to find out what he really thinks.

At the same time he amasses an immense knowledge of conditions in foreign countries, and England, by plumb-ing the minds of his callers. Here is a list of things he wanted to know about America, which tells its own story of how keen his interest and knowledge of our country is:

What was this mix-up over the marriage of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks?

Why did Edward Bok retire as the editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*?

(Continued on page 415)

EDITORIAL

PERRITON MAXWELL
EDITOR

JAMES N. YOUNG
MANAGING EDITOR



FOR AMERICAN PROGRESS, AMERICAN IDEALS, AMERICAN SUPREMACY

The Labor and Capital Directorate

AMID the strident tenseness of our labor troubles there is communicated to the listening public an occasional note of harmony. Eager to compose differences so detrimental to the common interests we are prone to appraise concord with prodigal value. But the gratification at the admittance of employees to the directorate of corporations springs not only from the novelty of the plan or from sympathetic pleasure at the harmony, but also from the whispering of that sixth sense which has tentacles feeling for the path to happier relations.

A great Chicago packing house is the latest of the national corporations to adopt co-operative control. While the details of the plan vary in the several corporations, it is, in its broad principle, the representative system of our politics modified to industry. A generation ago this idea would be as huge a joke to moss-back bosses as the elective system was once to the brass-jowled Bourbons. However, the plan that will work in one age will not work in another. Circumstances, too, test all human inventions. In years when the new directorate debates dividends and the surplus, the system is likely to diffuse tranquillity. In times of profitless stress the amiability is likely to evaporate.

There is in these composite directorates varied significance. They recognize a community of interest. With that proposition acknowledged there can not be maintained any stubborn isolation by any factor of the business. The pooling of moral, financial, physical and intellectual effort becomes a matter of self-preservation.

The Legion

THE American Legion begins to look like a full-face composite photograph of biographic Americanism from Putnam to Pershing. It moves with the weight of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and the levity of "Yankee Doodle," with an ululant yell from "Dixie." Its large composition is a token of a great trust, and the old Roman legions, and other legions of time, begin to look like pop-guns. It neither tries to roar with a lion's heart, nor win a woman's—quite different from the pomaded mustaches of Potsdam. Its manners are quiet; its memory is excellent; its emotions are strong, and it is prepared to roll all the refractory elements in one bundle and hang them on one hook.

Without a proclamation, an agitation, or unloosing a pack of schemes, it has created a civil prestige to match its military splendor. Old soldiers of all ages and all lands are prone to harp on one string, but the tramp of the Legion is in time and tune with all the chords of throbbing life. It is not merely handsome clay in uniform; but sinewed in manhood from its toes to its brains. It has that delightful mixture of sense and spirit, of power and chivalry, of shop

and farm, which tickles the popular taste. It neither bleats over its woes nor boasts of its prowess.

When the mighty military machine dissolved in our citizenship the fragments coalesced through the sympathetic attraction of a high purpose—for in defending the institutions of America the Legion learned how to value them. Thus it possesses a moral prerogative to tread down lurking disloyalty. We are proud to be the fathers and mothers, cousins and aunts, of the Legion. We shall sleep sound at nights. And when the historian winds up the task of glory-painting its battles we trust that he will use a golden drop of ink in stating that Congress dealt a belated, but a glad and generous, bonus.

What Do You Say?

THE average American uses one thousand words. That is the circumference of his vocabulary. The pedagogues sigh! The philologists pity our ignorance! And all the little mocking birds of the uplift philosophy fly whistling down the lane! Yet there is little cause for despondency. A boy feeding swine may do a fine day's work on fifty words, and a chauffeur halted by a traffic officer would do well to utter no words. A parrot can chatter on ten words, while Caesar could wield an empire with less. The intelligibility of a nation is not always increased by its volubility. The poet, the orator and the salesman would do well to apparel themselves in linguistic luxury, and preen like peacocks in their voluptuous verbiage and glittering imagery.

A working and thinking nation does not need words as much as deeds. Is not silence golden? In the South and in the centers of culture the vocabulary is above the average. The amplitude of speech is there adorned with fret-work and enriched with rhetoric. But in the rushing North and West talk is idiomatic. To dress an old thought in new clothes is a fine gift. But to put forth a fresh idea is a finer gift than to sprout pretty phrases.

A man with words has a right to show them, like fine shirts hung out on the line on wash-day. Were we a nation of Websters and Calhouns we might display the whole dictionary lavishly and usefully, and, doubtless, there is much in the contention that when we use a vocabulary of two thousand words we shall be twice as wise. Nevertheless, the thoughtful will cheer up on the words of St. Paul to the Corinthians: "I had rather speak five words with my understanding, than by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue."

American History

MANY observant writers have noted the popular unacquaintance with American history. The schools teach it, but we don't read it. Yet we can neither feel nor conceive the forces that mean good government and progress without a knowledge of our history. In the

transmission of our principles no teachers can instruct us like the vivid and picturesque story of our fathers. To implant our history in the mind of youth is to pass forward our heritage—to bathe the living spirit in the immortal blaze of the heroic and the splendid. To invigorate the reason, to fructify the imagination, to supply deficiencies in character to enoble patriotism itself—no knowledge is comparable to a familiarity with the simple-hearted tenderness which beamed around the hearths of the pioneers, the romantic pathfinding in the death-strewn wilderness, the virtues of a rugged people, the courtly elegance of our statesmen, the high-souled gravity of our soldiers, the magical advance of an ingenious race sowing commonwealths and building the most powerful of nations on the principle that each citizen may live as he wills within the law.

Tom Reed and Champ Clark said their success arose from their knowledge of history. We all know what Bacon said about it. It must be popularized. It ought not to be obscured by the veil of scholarship. It ought not to be crowded in the class-room, nor slighted in the tide sweeping into new pages of history which will be meaningless unless the old pages are known. The other elements of education may make us successful; but history makes us inheritors. And if we are going to mingle our ashes in this ground, we shall do it more proudly if we know who they were who gave us a country and a name.

"Courage Clubs"

GIRLS out of work in various sections of the nation are forming "Courage Clubs." We always knew that our jewel case of beauty was lined with brave spirits! We have looked upon our girls undrooping in war; watched them chirp around the sick-bed, and stand bright-starred through toil. Now, in the depressing gloom of unemployment, they scintillate like comets and charm like rainbows. The girls are good luck. "Courage Clubs!" The name is a flash of genius. It is as refreshingly original as a cool drink from the old oaken bucket. The utility of the "Courage Clubs" is concentrated on keeping up a brave front.

The unemployed girl who lives in a furnished room cooks nourishing meals in the club kitchen. She shares in the odd jobs of the other members, so that a subsistence is secured. There is a mending room, a reading room, and even a music room. Sociability and hope are stimulated on pie and sandwiches and soup. The idea is to keep the girl fit for the call of the job.

The "Courage Club" tints unemployment with the rosiness of a recess, because only women know a woman's need, and they know that it is as much the instinct of women to laugh as it is for birds to sing. Occasionally a lackadaisical prophet wails that this decadent civilization is doomed unless somebody reforms the women. Reform the women! It begins to appear that fate has directed the women to iron the yellow streak out of some of the men.

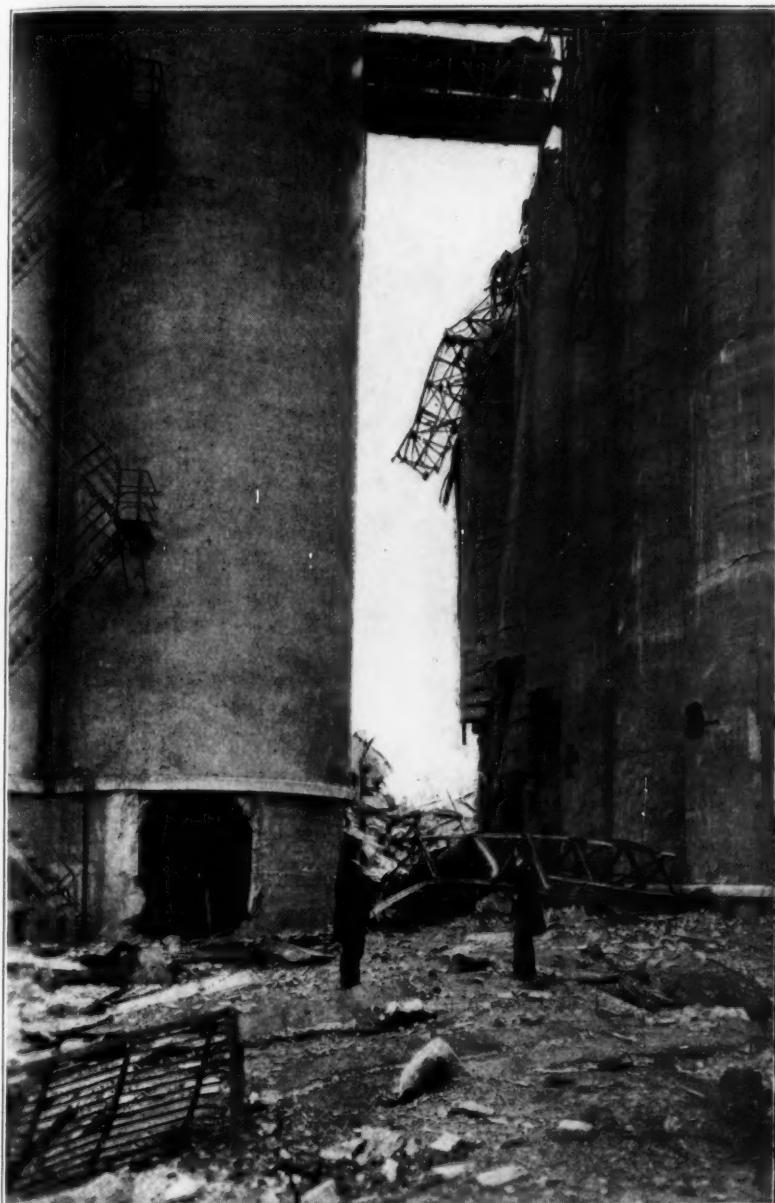
PICTORIAL DIGEST OF THE WORLD'S NEWS

The Aftermath of a Collision of Grain Dust and Fire in Chicago

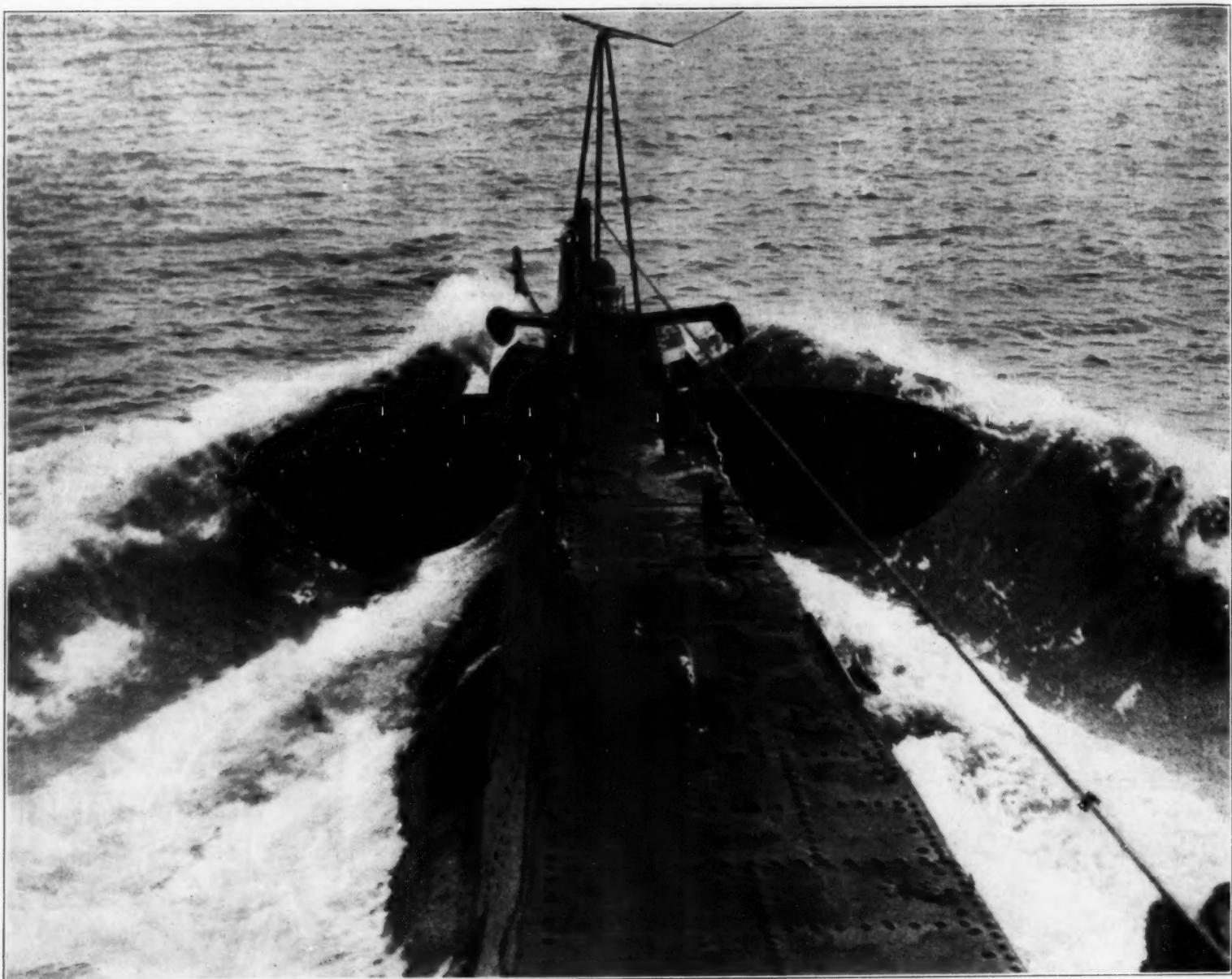
WILL grain dust explode? Chicagoans, like our Government experts in Washington, can today answer this question with an emphatic "It will." They were educated the other day when right in their midst there was a sudden, terrific detonation, "the whole earth dissolved in flame" (as one witness testified later), and what had until that time been the largest grain elevator in the world was transformed into a vast smoking, fire-eaten ruin. So great was the force of the blast that it was felt for five miles in every direction—a fact which is proof conclusive that the destruction of the enormous structure was due, not to an ordinary fire, but to an actual explosion. The loss of life was not great, only six people being killed; but the total damage to property was estimated to be in excess of \$10,000,000. The elevator was located at the corner of 122nd Street and Torrence Avenue and was being used by the Armour's. In it were stored about 7,500,000 bushels of grain, of which 60 per cent. was corn, the remainder being wheat and other grains. From the unloading platforms to the drying room there was an underground tunnel, through which the grain was conducted. It is believed that a fire started in this tunnel, spread into the drying room (where there were 100,000 bushels of corn and barley), and then entered the bins—eight of them. Policemen and firemen who rushed to the scene found what was described as "a veritable no-man's land." In the center of acres of smoldering wreckage stood the stark ruins of the mammoth building—an engineering feat once declared impossible of construction. On the ground nearby were strewn huge masses of concrete, broken pieces of steel rods, sheets of iron roofing, burning freight cars, and masses of debris from the stricken giant. The two photographs shown here only suggest faintly what happens when dense grain dust and fire meet.

Wheat-growers and others whose business it is to handle large quantities of grain have always regarded fire as one of their greatest enemies. Hundreds of times incendiary has been suspected in the case of mysterious conflagrations, for the origin of which there was apparently no satisfactory explanation. Recently our scientists have made an exhaustive study of this important subject, and the dangers of highly inflammable dust and the best methods of guarding against them have been carefully pointed out for the benefit of our agriculturists and grain dealers. The fruit of these labors will be the prevention of enormous losses each year through "spontaneous combustion," "incendiary fires," etc.

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Pictorial Digest of the World's News



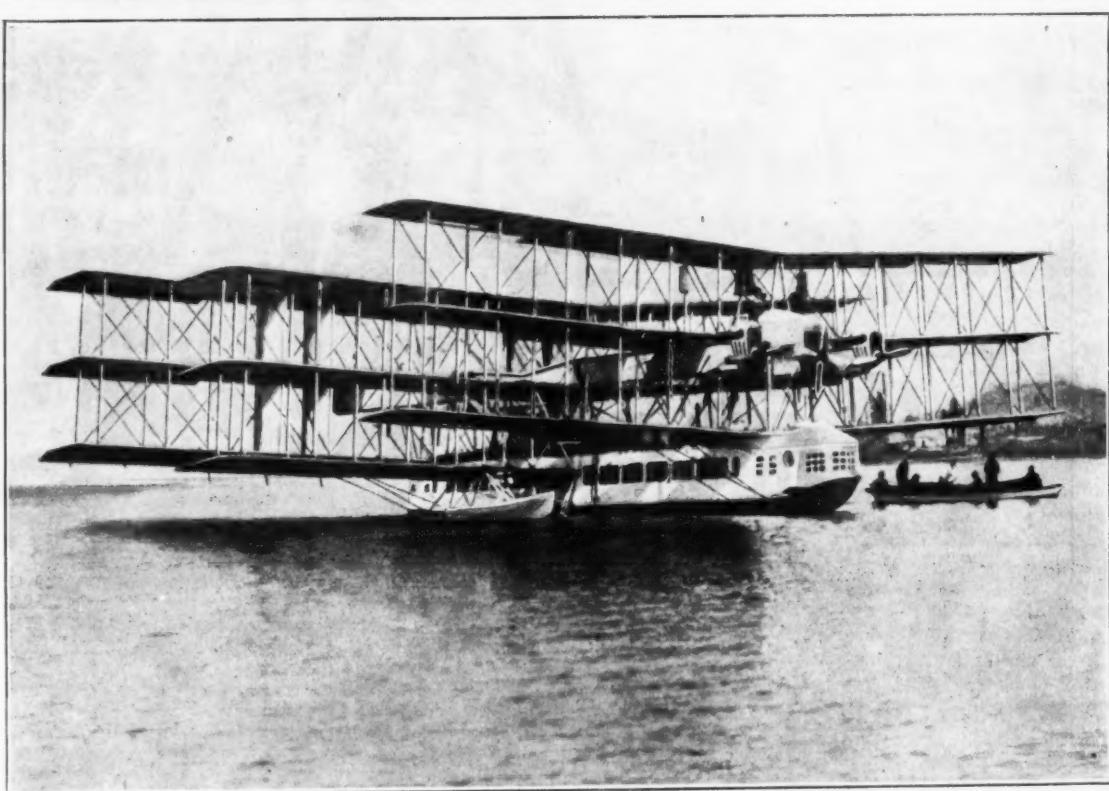
UNDERWOOD

The Latest in "Sub" Circles

EVIDENCE that Uncle Sam's clever experts on under-water navigation are not standing still. Little is said and nothing is published concerning most of their inventions; but an innovation like the "bow planes" that are stirring up such a commotion here cannot very easily remain a mystery. Our latest subs are sporting them, and, should they live up to the expectations of our naval authorities, all of our submersibles will soon be equipped with them. It is claimed they greatly facilitate diving and make it safer.

Can It Cross the Atlantic?

HERE'S a machine—the Caproni flying boat *Sesta Calende*—that would make the average airplane look like a mere toy. During its trials in Italy the other day it proved its ability to fly, but certain structural weaknesses developed and it was wrecked. It is now being re-built so that in the near future it can attempt to make a wonderful trans-Atlantic flight, with Rome as the starting point. On that trip one hundred passengers will be carried in the huge Pullman cabin that looms up so prominently in the picture. The "ship" has a lifting capacity of 52,000 pounds, possesses three sets of triplanes, spanning one hundred feet, and, thanks to its eight 300-400 horsepower engines, is capable of making a speed of ninety miles an hour.



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The Camera's Record of Interesting Events



© INTERNATIONAL

The Airplane Is Speed-King

WITHIN the memory of most of us the chauffeur of any good racing automobile could give the merry ha-ha to the best of airplane pilots. A speedy car on a fine straight-away could generally show its tail-lights to anything in the air with little difficulty. But times have changed. Today the fastest thing that carries man is the airplane, and now-a-days the bird-man easily forces an adversary sprinting along a dusty road to breathe his cigarette ashes. Here is a photograph, made during the recent race at the Los Angeles Speedway, that strikingly illustrates this point. When it was snapped the fleeting auto was roaring along at a speed of 106 miles an hour, but the plane, whose shadow may be seen on the track ahead, was simply sailing rings around it! The machine on the earth (a Duesenberg) carried Roscoe Sarles; the one in the air (a Curtiss racer) was driven by Frank Clark. Just before the camera man pressed the button the latter, three hundred feet above the ground, surged slightly in advance as Sarles hit the upper turn, and, narrowly missing the top rail, whirled into the most steeply pitched portion of the track. At this moment the aviator made a hair-raising perpendicular dive. Within a few feet of his adversary he "zoomed," throwing the nose of his "ship" straight up in the air. Then he surged into a beautiful "side-slip," with his wings at right angles to the ground immediately above Sarles. At this moment the picture was made. Everywhere the science of aviation is advancing with astounding rapidity. Already it looks as though the predictions made by some authorities that the next war will be decided in the air may be realized. Certain it is that airplanes will play a vital part.



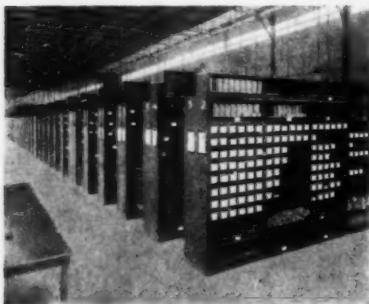
© MAYERS, ST. PAUL

What Use Will Science Make of Beautiful Old Faithful?

"OLD FAITHFUL" geyser, in Yellowstone National Park. Heretofore we have regarded it simply as an extremely interesting natural phenomenon; but today scientists are looking at it in an entirely different light. Sir Charles Parsons, a distinguished English engineer, has made the startling suggestion that a deep hole be bored in the earth, with the object of utilizing the heat to be found below for power. It is an idea that is not to be laughed at. Near Laradello, Italy, more than 10,000 horse-

power is being converted from steam (obtained by tapping the earth's crust) into electrical power. Why, then, wouldn't it be possible to put "Old Faithful" in harness? At any rate, should the Britisher's plan be tried in America, it is certain that the famous geyser would furnish our scientists with data which would prove invaluable to them. Its "power" is amply manifested at intervals of between 65 and 80 minutes, when tons of boiling water are catapulted from 160 to 180 feet into the air.

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AS WE WERE SAYING By Arthur H. Folwell

A SOCIETY LULLABY

*LULLABY, little one,
Nursery is near.
(English-bred nursery with cap and with
cape.)
Sleep, little curly-head,
Nothing to fear;
(Mother is getting her case into shape.)*

*Rest in your cribby-house
There with your toys;
(Courts will determine to whom you
belong.)
Take into slumberland
Baby-day joys;
(Mother's slick sleuths have your
Daddy in wrong.)*

*Sleep, little innocent
Two and a half;
(Daddy protests he is innocent, too.)
Angels watch over you—
(It is to laugh;
Daddy may make a defendant of you.)*



*We are prone to jump at conclusions.
Because 5,000,000 pounds of hops were sold
last year to private citizens, we take it for
granted that 200,000,000 gallons of home-
brew resulted. Were there no toothaches, no
ear-aches, which required hop-poultices in
1920?*



THE LOST ART OF READING

AN English essayist, R. W. Chapman, regrets that the practice of reading aloud is dying out. That it is dying out—except at the movies, where the reading of sub-titles is distinctly audible—nobody will be likely to question. Babies and blind folks still get their printed matter through the ear, but the old family group around the library lamp, with every member in an attitude of scholarly calm, and father or mother reading from a volume of at least six hundred pages, is one that seldom assembles nowadays.

In a great measure, movies are responsible. Notwithstanding the sprinkling of sub-titles through the pictures, enjoyment of a screen play is not dependent on one's knowing how to read. Indeed, the tendency of movie makers is to eliminate sub-titles almost entirely, letting the pictures themselves tell the story. Charles Ray's, "The Old Swimmin' Hole," is a case in point. Some day, and soon, reading aloud even at the movies will be impossible, and then, sure enough, the graceful art will pass in its final checks.

Not even in the rising generation is there hope, apparently. Before the movies came, a boy found spur to culture, mild incentive, in the thought that once he had learned to read, a dime novel concealed behind his opened geography would yield him its boundless riches. But the modern boy has no such incentive; all the dime-novel treasures are in the movies; and less and less is reading an essential to movie joys. One unnaturally precocious boy can read sub-titles for six, if they sit close and lean over. And the boy of today is the man of tomorrow, as somebody has said.

There is but one way to restore to health the old practice of home reading; of reading aloud. Even this might not work, but it would be worth a trial. Start books with headlines, newspaper headlines, and they will be read aloud in the home circle, just as newspaper headlines are read aloud there. The trouble with reading a whole book

aloud is that it cuts in so to the really important things of an evening. Stevenson read "Treasure Island" aloud, chapter by chapter through successive evenings, but the weather was bad—it was Scotch weather—there were no movies, and no "magazine section" of the evening papers. We doubt if even Stevenson could have stood up against a combination of (1) Mother intent upon a summer dress-goods advertisement; (2) Sister visualizing "Advice to the Lovelorn"; (3) Father deep in Left Jolt's analysis of a prize fight; and (4) Albert, aged 8, clamoring for the funny page.

"Tell the story in the headlines," is a newspaper office-rule. People read headlines even if, for lack of time, they skip all that's under them. The practice of reading aloud around the family lamp may be restored when this rule is applied to novels, for in less than two minutes the headlines of six of the latest books might be read aloud, and nobody would begrudge two minutes. Pick up a novel, read the headlines on the title page; then off to the movies, or the bridge table; or back to the evening paper. Here, for example, is all a busy family—too busy to be read to—need know of the novel, "Miss Lulu Bett."

HOUSEHOLD DRUDGE LURED TO ALTAR

Miss Lulu Bett Finds Man She Married Is Already Wed

CONFESSES ON BRIDAL TOUR

Wronged Girl Leaves Bigamist and Returns to Scornful Family

You miss a good deal of detail, of course, but the prime essentials are here. Absorbing this headline, you are as well qualified to discuss "Miss Lulu Bett" as you are to talk on the Russian situation after reading the headlines to a despatch from Helsingfors. Indeed, you are a darn sight better qualified. The family reading group must and shall be preserved, even if we have to reduce the number of novels of an evening from ten to five, and postpone the card game till 9:15.



Life is full of odd surprises. Here's a chap who leaped four and three-fifths miles in a parachute, risked his life, in fact, just to get back to earth. After reading the news of the day, we can't help wondering what the attraction could have been.



NEW YORK STATE, with much whirring of the legislative machinery, enacts a law which puts Prohibition enforcement up to the local authorities. New York City, it seems, is to be "dry" because the police are to make it so. It was the police force, you recollect, which in the old days closed New York saloons so heretically on Sundays.



RUSSIA is like the bad boy locked in the kitchen closet. He has eaten all the cake in the cake-box, and thrown all the pots and pans on the floor, and now there is nothing for him to do but promise to be good.

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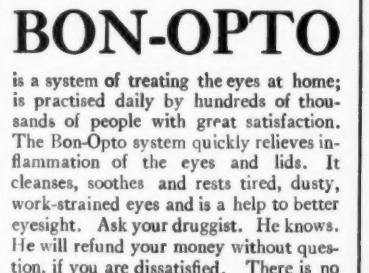
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Big Business and Music

By JOSEPH ARNOLD

THREE was a time, not so long ago, when Oscar Wilde's story of the American millionaire who sued an express company for delivering him the statue of Venus de Milo "with the arms broken off" was accepted as typical of the American business man in matters of art; when the motto, "For dollars come to America, but for art go abroad," was a stock one among the intellectuals. Today there is delightful irony in the thought that the only land where art blooms most healthily and beautifully is America, and that artists come here not only for the dollars but for recognition.

One of the most potent factors in the development of art in America has been that same, much-advertised business man. Especially is this true in music. No legendary old-world nobleman was ever so liberal a music patron as the wealthy American business man. There are, in some numbers, financial giants and business executives of national eminence who consider the striving and planning for better development of music in America an essential item in their program of work.

Charles Gates Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, former Comptroller of the Currency, and recently chairman of the General Purchasing Board of the A. E. F. in France, helps to direct the destinies of the Chicago Opera Company, the American Symphony Orchestra, also of Chicago, and furthers the careers of many blossoming musical geniuses. Mr. Dawes's practical work in aiding music dates from his youthful days, when he organized the college band at Marietta, where he was born, and finding the town did not possess a flute player learned the instrument himself.

Were you to ask a musician what is the chief non-professional influence in opera in America, he would answer, "Otto H. Kahn."

Otto Hermann Kahn, the late Edward H. Harriman's associate, now a member of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and a financier internationally celebrated, has been actively interested in the organization of four grand opera companies in America, viz: The Metropolitan Opera House of New York, the Chicago Opera Association, the Boston Grand Opera Company, and the Century Opera Company, thus giving American singers the opportunity of practicing their art at home instead of abroad.

The Metropolitan Opera owes its present world prominence largely to the efforts of Mr. Kahn, for it was he who took into his hands the reins of business management at a time when it was at low ebb indeed and reorganized it as effectively as he had reorganized railroads. The Century Opera Company was housed in the Century Theater, formerly known as the New Theater, and was designed by Mr. Kahn to give good performances of Opera in English at prices within reach of the workingman (ironic phrase!). But evidently the price of a theater ticket is no object to a New Yorker, for the new venture was short-lived. Incidentally, the Century Opera experienced the same fate as the New Theater, which was also conceived by Mr. Kahn, and built to provide the highest attainment in drama at low prices.

Besides opera Mr. Kahn is interested in numerous musical enterprises and is himself a fine performer on the cello and violin.

CLARENCE HUNGERFORD MAC KAY, the president of the Commercial Cable Co., and Postal Telegraph-Cable, plays no musical instrument, but loves them all. And because of this he is the very active president of the New Symphony Orchestra of New York, and member of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera. Formerly he helped the great Oscar Hammerstein in his musical

ventures, and when the friction between the Metropolitan Opera and the Manhattan Opera—which Hammerstein directed—became too pronounced he was the conciliatory party that brought about the merger of the two operatic interests. One hundred thousand dollars annually is guaranteed the Symphony Society of New York, Walter Damrosch, conductor, by Harry Harkness Flagler, the financier. The Institute of Musical Art, one of America's most famous music schools, the Oratorio Society of New York and the East Side Music Settlement, besides several talented students, are also on Mr. Flagler's list.

Mr. Flagler was graduated from a course of music study at Columbia University, and is a finished pianist.

George Eastman, the man who developed that tremendous business, the Eastman Kodak Co., approaches musical culture in America from another angle. He allies it with civic work and the movies. The Eastman plant gave to the movie camera the flexible film. Quite recently Mr. Eastman made the munificent gift of \$3,500,000 for the establishment of a school of Music in Rochester, N. Y. This school, which the trustees have named the Eastman School of Music, will have an auditorium seating 3,000 which will be utilized for presentation of the finest motion pictures, accompanied by a large symphonic orchestra under direction of the school. It is thus hoped to develop a branch of music, as yet, in its infancy, the musical accompaniment to the motion picture.

Adolph Lewisohn, president of several mining companies, is "seventy years young" as a friend expressed it, and celebrates his long youth by a devoted interest in music. It was suggested to him that the Stadium, that immense amphitheater which he presented to the City College of New York, could be used for open-air concerts. Mr. Lewisohn immediately set to work to finance a series of summer concerts, now known as the Stadium Summer Symphony Concerts, directed by Arnold Volpe, and provide beautiful orchestral and solo music at 25 cents a seat every summer's night. These concerts have cost Mr. Lewisohn a modest fortune.

Mr. Lewisohn has associated himself with the New Symphony Orchestra conducted by Artur Bodanzky, and is helping to make that organization the equal of the great orchestras of the world.

Together with Charles G. Dawes, Harold Fowler McCormick, the son of the inventor of the harvesting machine and vice-president of the International Harvester Co., finances the Chicago Opera Association. He also is the patron of almost every musical venture in the West.

Reverting to civic music, Philip Berolzheimer, President of the Eagle Pencil Co., and Chamberlain of the City of New York, is the director of the Mayor Hylan People's Concerts, a series of free musical entertainments held in the city parks and various auditoriums, at which the greatest artists and orchestras perform.

And at his home Mr. Berolzheimer has installed a large organ upon which he plays with the finesse gained from years of study.

In Philadelphia the leader of the music patrons is Edward Townsend Stotesbury, who began life as a clerk in a wholesale grocery and is now head of Drexel & Co., and member of the firm of J. P. Morgan.

Like Mr. Kahn in New York, Mr. Stotesbury, at a time when the Philadelphia Opera was facing failure, placed it upon a stable foundation. He also backs the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and many other musical organizations.

The president of the Equitable Trust Co. in New York, and other large corporations, Alvin W. Krech, plays the piano and organ and is on familiar terms with the orchestra and orchestral music.

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Metropolitan has become a great political force of widespread influence. Metropolitan is an opinion-making monthly, it is an interpreter of fighting questions—carrying a light it leads the way into the darkness of unsolved issues.

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Catching a Rainbow

(Continued from page 406)

"You'd be sure to overlook something important," Henry finished. "Of course. But not with all four of us watching." He pushed the contract blank a little nearer Mr. Wilson. His heart thumped furiously, but producing his fountain pen with a steady hand he said quietly:

"You sign the agreement here, Mr. Wilson."

Mr. Wilson signed.

When the Wilsons had gone Henry and Bess sat down and looked with awe at their first contract.

"That represents real money," said Henry. "It's a sure thing we'll get that commission. All we've got to do is give them the right service."

It had been arranged they were to see the Wilsons again on Thursday evening to go over the maps and photographs of the different places. Saturday afternoon, if the weather permitted, all four were to go to the place that seemed most promising.

The Wilsons had hardly gone when the doorbell rang.

"Mrs. Jones," cried Bess. "She was to be here at eight-thirty."

Mrs. Jones proved to be a small, angular, acrid-looking woman. She listened to all Henry had to say. When he came to the itemized form for tabulating her exact wants, it turned out she was somewhat hazy as to just what sort of place she did hope to buy.

"I'm a widow," she declared. "Live alone—with one maid. We want a little place in the country, somewhere. I've been looking around. I saw your ad. You say you know something about it. You might help. So I came to see you."

"We can help you, of course," Mrs. Jones, said Bess.

"But there's no use running around looking unless you know what you hope to find," Henry added.

"I don't see why not," said Mrs. Jones with asperity. "I don't know where I want to live. I just want a nice little place. If I like it, I'll buy it. That's all there is to it."

"Pine Lakes is very pretty," ventured Bess.

"Who pays the expenses looking around?" Mrs. Jones suddenly asked.

"You pay yours—we pay ours," explained Henry.

"Why should I pay mine? I never have yet. Every real estate company I've ever been to always had its own automobile to show me around in."

Henry rose to his feet. "I wonder if you'd excuse me, Mrs. Jones?" He glanced at his watch apologetically.

"Some other evening—we can call on you perhaps." He looked at Bess significantly, who, taking the cue, rose also.

"You're in no hurry, Mrs. Jones," Henry went on. "A few days more or less. Mrs. Randolph has your address."

Five minutes later the imperturbable Henry was ushering out their indignant caller. As the door closed upon her, Bess broke out in amazement,

"Well of all the— What did you make her mad for, Henry? Now we've lost her."

Henry smiled. "Listen, sweetheart, it's the time you lose in the real estate business that makes it a hard game; the time you spend chasing rainbows."

"Yes but—"

"Mrs. Jones is a perfect type of joy-riders. She doesn't want to buy a house. What she really wants is to ride around the country these nice spring Saturdays and Sundays in somebody else's automobile, with companionship, and all expenses paid."

"Oh," said Bess.

"We started in this thing to eliminate lost motion. Let's do it right. We don't have to fool around with that kind."

We've got a sure thing in this, if we play it right."

"Oh—" said Bess admiringly.

There were two other possible clients expected that evening, but neither came. Bess was eager to 'phone them the next day, but Henry wouldn't let her.

"That's lost motion," he showed her. "If they aren't interested enough to come, they aren't the sort we want. Besides, you understand, Bess, we don't need many buyers on the string at once. We've got to give them a lot of our time and attention to do the square thing by them. It's sales we're after."

The ad drew well. It was April, an ideal time. There were just a dozen answers in all. Henry amazed Bess by laying them all away in the file. One buyer at a time was his theory. Any real buyer could be satisfied and would buy quickly. Later, when they had an office, they could do the thing on a bigger scale. His theory, if correct, would be worked out in a big way.

The following Saturday afternoon Henry and Bess, with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, took the train from Hoboken for Pine Lakes. The railroad station of Pine Lakes had not yet been built; they left the train at Winton, some four miles away, where a trolley ran over to the Lakes.

The Wilsons had never been out here before, nor had they ever answered a Pine Lakes advertisement. Henry was glad of this. If they had he would have to divide his commission fifty-fifty with the Pine Lakes salesman that had the name registered, in event of the Wilsons buying there. Now the matter was more simple.

There had been several Pine Lakes salesmen with parties on this same train, Henry discovered when they got to Winton. They all piled into the waiting company automobiles and were whisked away. Henry and Bess walked the Wilsons two blocks to the trolley. Then they waited on a corner perhaps five minutes, and in fifteen minutes were nearing the Lakes.

"Half an hour to the station," Mr. Wilson mused. "Forty minutes into Hoboken—well, that could be worse, but it's pretty far."

"You're wrong there, Mr. Wilson," corrected the alert Henry. "That was a fast train for the West we came on. Commutation trains are different. There's one or two fast ones each way, morning and evening. But they're all longer than forty minutes. We'll look it up."

Neither Bess nor Henry could have failed to see the appreciation in the faces of both Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

"Oh, this is beautiful!" Mrs. Wilson exclaimed a moment later. As the trolley rounded a sharp curve the two small artificial lakes, nestling in the hills and surrounded by odd little rubblestone bungalows, chalets, and occasional larger houses, came into view. Undeniably the picture was pretty.

"There's a dam down there a mile or so," said Mr. Wilson.

"The lakes are artificial," Henry answered. "The lowland was wet. The landscape architect made virtue of a necessity, I suppose, and built the lakes."

"I should think that would be unhealthy," Mrs. Wilson put in. "Malaria—"

"I understand not; in fact I'm sure," said Henry. "We're several hundred feet above sea level here. This is acknowledged a very healthful place."

"Mosquitoes," volunteered Bess. She was getting the idea better now.

Henry smiled. "Oh, yes—mosquitoes—regular Jersey mosquitoes. But the houses are screened. And, at that, I understand they're not bad. Not as bad as in the Oranges, for instance."

They left the trolley and stood in the (Concluded on page 418)

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Northcliffe: Journalistic Dynamo

(Continued from page 407)

How is Congressman J. Hampton Moore making out as Mayor of Philadelphia?

Has Philadelphia got her art gallery yet?

Does Mr. Harding write his own editorials?

How big is the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City and did Linnard sell out his Western interests as well?

Is Billy Sunday still popular?

What is the reason for the large circulation of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*?

How many American Legion men are in Congress?

Why did the American Legion change its bonus policy?

Will General Pershing go into business?

What do you know about the Non-Partisan League Movement?

How much do they pay newspaper reporters in New York City?

Then there followed a number of questions about newspapers. He wanted to know what newspapermen thought of Mr. Ochs of the New York *Times*, of Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, and Mr. Arthur Brisbane and Mr. Frank Munsey. He wanted to know where Walter Lippman of the *New Republic* got his "news sense." He wanted to know all about Mr. Villard of the *New York Nation*, and who heads the Pulitzer School of Journalism.

At first, I was inclined to think he was trotting out his knowledge of my country for the vanity of it. Yet question piled on question until I realized that I was facing the world's star-iest star reporter, who is a perfect fiend for digging information.

There seemed little prospect of getting an interview from him. Several times I tried to put a question in edgewise—no use, it was flung back at me. My weary mind was beginning to feel all poked over. As time went on the predicament of the interviewer who had been turned into the interviewed amused me, and my grin broadened. Finally he stopped suddenly.

"What are you laughing at?" he demanded, screwing up his face.

"I am amused at the fate of my interview with you," I explained. "I was thinking how it would require a Lord Northcliffe to interview Lord Northcliffe."

The idea amused him. "Oh, yes, you want a story from me," he grinned. "Let me see, you're writing for the American public . . . All right, you want me to talk on the secret of success . . . No, I'm not making fun of you. As a matter of fact that desire on the part of every American to know how to achieve success makes you the wonderfully constructive nation that you are."

"This is my formula for success. You have flattered me by saying that I am a good reporter. Being a good reporter makes me a good editor, but only so far as I keep on being a good reporter. Being an editor makes me a good publisher but only in so far as I keep in mind that a publisher is about as good a publisher as he is an editor. In other words, reducing things, I am only as good a publisher as I am a reporter. You know I still go out on assignments. I covered the Peace Conference, and I was the first man to get an exclusive interview with President Wilson at the Conference."

"I would say that this rule applied to success in any line of business. If I wanted to be a good builder I would learn to be a good bricklayer. My employees would have nothing on me, as you Americans say. If you look at your organization, as an executive, from your worker's point of view, with yourself as one of the working-men, you are well on the way toward eliminating labor troubles."

"A man who heads a big organization

is only as big as his ability to understand the work, and the viewpoint, of his most humble employee."

This idea set him to asking some more questions on labor conditions in America. Somehow the topic veered around to the secret of happiness.

HAPPINESS is another thing of which the American is always anxious to find the secret. It is another one of those indications of your healthy national life. I would say that happiness is a sustained state of mind in which the individual is never bored. This is particularly true of a man in my line of work. I can not afford to be bored by any phenomenon of human living. Life is too interesting to turn down any phase of it that comes your way naturally. Being bored by people and things about you is a sign of your inability to assimilate life properly. The fault lies with the bored individual and not with life."

He wheeled around suddenly. "Now, I don't mean that you should take life as it comes. When you really give up all your energy for the improvement of human living you have a right to expect, and do get, an interesting reaction from those about you. Life can never be dull to the man who never allows himself to be dull."

"In the last analysis we increase our interest in life as we increase our understanding. Understanding is as difficult a problem personally as it is socially and politically. The present day unrest is due to our impatience and the lack of a desire to understand. Thus capital is not eager to understand labor, and labor is unwilling to understand capital. They both suffer from the same mistake."

"This is true also of nations. It is easier for a newspaper to interest the reader in lurid stories of another country than it is to portray actual conditions. I am very anxious that my newspapers shall interpret America correctly to the British people. I never print a story that has not been first examined by a man who has recently traveled through that country."

"I keep men going and coming from America and I make it a point to go over to the United States as often as possible. I do the same with France and the other countries touched by my news-gathering system. I would rather see England the country that understands the world than England the country that would rule the world. World domination is the ideal of a past order; world understanding is the basis of national and international success in the new order."

THIS idea excited him. He paced up and down the floor as he delivered this soliloquy. Then, suddenly, he leaned over his table and picked up a book which I noticed was Owen Wister's "A Straight Deal or an Ancient Grudge." From somewhere he seized a pen and wrote across its title page, "Read, young man, and make others do likewise." In the lower corner he signed, "Northcliffe," with its characteristic slant and its scrawly "N." Into this incident he crammed, instinctively, the greatest possible element of sensation and interest. In every moment of his active day Lord Northcliffe is first, foremost and all the time a journalist. The book was presented as only a man used to writing attractive heads could do it; it was essentially a journalistic idea. He had this idea to "put over" in the best possible way and he planned its effect as carefully as he would lay out a page in the *Daily Mail*.

A secretary came in quietly to remind him of an appointment at one of his other offices (Lord Northcliffe keeps three offices in London with which he plays "Button, button, whose got the button!" with under-

(Concluded on page 418)

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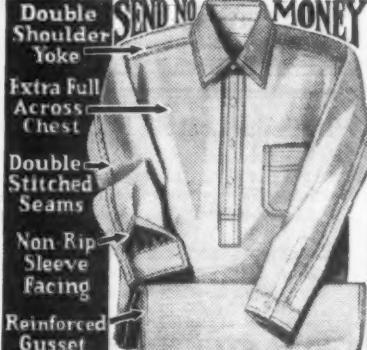
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Leslie's Investment Bureau

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions and, in emergencies, to answers by telegraph. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. All inquiries should be addressed to the Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Full name and exact street address, or number of postoffice box, should always be given. Anonymous communications will not be answered.

THE world is not wholly dependent on Russia for recovery from the disastrous effects of the great war. It could make its way to rehabilitation without reference to that ill-fated country. But there can be no doubt that the demoralized condition of Russia has contributed largely to the existing unsatisfactory economic and financial situation, not merely in Europe but also all around the globe.

Under the Soviet régime the productive power of Russia has been paralyzed and nearly destroyed. In consequence of that, trading between her and other lands has been virtually suspended for years. Commerce is not a one-sided affair; it cannot be carried on unless all parties to it produce and have things to sell or exchange. Russia, having at present little or nothing to deliver to foreign customers, offers meager inducements to other nations for the establishment of trade relations.

Her government, which monopolizes such business as there is, is said to have about \$200,000,000 in gold wherewith to purchase products from abroad. That sum would not last long nor go far in satisfying the needs of 150,000,000 people. Anybody who cares to can trade with Russia now. Restrictions on such ventures are all off. But to obtain the money in sight there has been no competitive rush on the part of exporters in Europe or America. The Russian Government has earned the distrust of all mankind, and shippers of commodities fear that to direct them to Muscovite ports would be to invite probable loss.

Reports of large orders sent out from Russia lately and of the granting of extensive credits to Russians have not been confirmed and apparently were intended as propaganda to create a more favorable feeling for the Lenin dictatorship. No manufacturer or merchant in his senses would trust a people who are not eager to employ their energies in production. That would be too much like letting a pauper have valuables "on tick," for a nation which ceases to produce is on the road to poverty and ruin. Had the Russians maintained their industries it would have mattered less whether their political masters were "Red" or "White."

Let Great Britain do what she will in the matter; the Administration at Washington has properly given the Soviet a significant hint as to what is necessary for Russia to do to put herself in good standing as a world trader. It has intimated that the revival of productivity under the rule of justice and honesty must pave the path of formal negotiations for a trade treaty. Those who wish to risk it, can go ahead as individuals, but the Government will not enter into a sham pact which could effect nothing in itself.

The restoration of Russia rests on her own people and government. Outsiders cannot help her unless she comes back to sanity and practical good sense. It is not international agreements, but sound domestic policies and the will to build up the country through industrious effort that will cure Russia's troubles and renew her economic value to herself and the rest of the world.

How devoutly Russia's resumption of production and development of her vast resources is to be wished may be indicated by the concrete effect this would have on the United States. Should Russia again become a big market she would engage in traffic with all other European nations. She would supply them with raw materials and they would furnish her in return with manufactures. One result of this would be the diversion to Russia of much of the surplus products of the remainder of the continent. Instead of dumping them on our shores, Great Britain, Belgium, France and Italy could forward their goods to Russia and thus lessen foreign competition with American producers in our home market. Moreover, the proceeds of those countries' commercial transactions with Russia would no doubt prove more profitable to them than if these were carried on with us. The nations now our debtors would experience so much prosperity that there would no longer be any question of their ability to repay the \$10,000,000,000 they owe us. Our proposed high tariff could not then prove such a handicap to them as has been predicted. At least interest on the huge sum involved could be forthcoming and payment of principal would not be regarded as a rosy dream. That, even alone, would give us a touch of prosperity. But in the meantime we also could have a hand in Russia's trade and derive profit from it.

Russia has it in her power to regenerate herself by assuming sincerely a new and friendly attitude toward the rest of the world; by attending strictly and wisely to her own affairs; and letting alone the internal affairs of other lands. Let us hope that she will do this and so aid in bringing peace and prosperity to the whole circle of her sister nations.

B., MILLERSBURG, PA.: Pennsylvania R. R. 6 1/2's, Bell Telephone Co., of Penna. 7's, Southern Pacific and 4th loan Liberty bonds are excellent issues in which to invest your \$5,000.

G., LENA, WIS.: United Fruit, paying 8% is a well regarded business man's investment. A safer purchase would be Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent. preferred, costing a little more per share.

B., PIERCE, W. VA.: Standard Gas & Electric Co. is one of the well-managed Bylesby organizations and its 6 per cent. notes are reasonably safe. Kingdom of Denmark 8's are an excellent and safe purchase at present price.

B., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: Fisk Rubber Co. is a fairly substantial concern, but owing to falling off in earnings it had to suspend its dividends and the stock is therefore now in the speculative class. Bethlehem B, paying 5 per cent., is a good business man's investment at present figure. United States Rubber common would be a very attractive business man's purchase were the dividend assured.

N., McCASLAND, IOWA: Sinclair 7 1/2's are regarded as a reasonably safe investment. You could prudently put \$1,000 into them. Eight cent. bonds due in five to ten years are scarce. Short term bonds which will yield 8 per cent. on market price include such issues as Aluminum Company of America 7's, 1925, Swift & Co. 7's, 1925, Solvay & Cie. 8's, 1927, Southwestern Bell Telephone Co. 7's, 1924, Anaconda Copper Mining Co. 7's, 1929, C. & O. prior lien 3 1/2's, 1925, Central of Georgia 6's, 1929, St. Louis San Fran. prior lien 6's, 1928, and St. Louis Southwestern cons. 4's, 1932.

C., HARTFORD, CONN.: Of course, it is impossible to foresee what will happen, but it seems hardly likely that the Pennsylvania R. R. Co.'s financial condition will remain long adverse. The dividend may be cut or passed for a time. Eventually the road should "come back." If, however, you wish to exchange your stock for some other issue, here are a few which would make you a better yield than Pennsylvania, provided these companies should keep up their dividends and not suffer reverses: Allis-Chalmers, common, Associated Dry-

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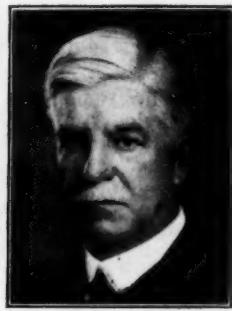
goods, American Woolen, common, Great Northern, Republic Iron & Steel, Stewart-Warner, and Studebaker commons.

M., BUECHEL, KY.: The best purchases in the list of stocks which you submit are Beth. Steel B, American Sumatra, Diamond Match, Pittsburgh Coal, and Tobacco Products. These are all issues of merit with dividends apparently assured. American Agricultural is paying its dividends in scrip. American Beet Sugar's dividend does not seem secure. A. G. & W. I. is also in an insecure position. General Motors common is still paying a dividend, but is regarded as speculative. Sinclair Oil is not a dividend payer and is a long-pull speculation. Wyllis-Overland is not attractive speculatively or otherwise, because the company's financial position is unsatisfactory and the stock is paying no dividends.

R., NORFOLK, W. VA.: American Hide & Leather common, Bethlehem Motor, and Wyllis Overland are just now in the highly speculative class. There are arrears of 114 per cent. on Hide & Leather preferred which must be paid before the common can get a cent. That makes the common an exceedingly long pull, if not hopeless. Bethlehem Motor at latest reports is little better than a gamble. Federal Oil is also much of a speculation. Armour Leather Co. has suspended dividends and the leather business is at present pretty poor. Bethlehem Steel B, N. & W. and Pure Oil might better be held than sold at a sacrifice. Any stock sponsored by Tom Lawson should be avoided. Seven Silver Metals is a gamble. Southern Pacific is an excellent business man's investment at present quotation. It would be reasonably safe to put \$3,000 into it, but you might better



BRITISH & COLONIAL PRESS



HARRIS & EWING



WRIGHT

J. A. Fraser
Treasurer of the Dominion Securities Corporation of Toronto, Ont., and the first Canadian ever elected to the Board of Governors of the Investment Bankers Association of America. Mr. Fraser is also chairman of the Provincial Committee of the Bond Dealers Association of Canada.

Maximilian B. Wellborn
Who was recently reelected Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Wellborn served efficiently years ago in banks in Vicksburg, Miss., and Amiston, Ala. Besides being a banker widely esteemed for his sound ideas he is keenly interested and active in public affairs.

O. E. Lofthus
Head of the State Banking Department of North Dakota. He has 714 banks and four trust companies under his supervision. The trying conditions through which not a few of the financial institutions of his State have lately been passing considerably multiplied the cares of his office.

diversify and include in your purchases Union Pacific, Atchison, and N. Y. Central.

M., MOBILE, ALA.: Illinois Central is one of the first-class railroad stocks and is a good purchase at its current figure.

D., ARKANSAS CITY, KANS.: With your \$5,000 you could buy real estate bonds advertised in *LESLIE'S* and paying from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. These offer a good return and are safe. Besides these you might consider some of the foreign government bonds, such as Government of France 8's, Kingdom of Norway 8's, and Kingdom of Denmark 8's. U. S. Rubber 1st and ref. 5's make a good yield on market price, as do New York Central 7's.

B., RHEINELANDER, WIS.: C. P. R. and Chesapeake & Ohio can be bought with confidence at present prices. The best rail to buy, in my opinion, is Union Pacific common. Southern Pacific, N. Y. Central, and Louisville & Nashville are also sound issues. Railroad stocks are at present slightly less favored because of the difficulties under which the roads are laboring. When these are remedied, the stocks of the best roads should be fine purchases. General Motors common, though paying a dividend of \$1 per year, is looked upon as a speculative. The 6 and 7 per cent. debentures are safer.

C., DAVENPORT, IOWA: It would be reasonably safe to invest \$3,000 in American Car & Foundry common, American Woolen common, Republic I & S common, and Ohio Oil. Car & Foundry's dividend is assured by a reserve fund for a couple of years to come. American Woolen pfd. would be a better purchase than the common. Ohio Oil, par \$25, paid 8% per cent. on par, or \$20, in 1920. Its first quarterly dividend this year was at the rate of 6% per cent. or \$1.66 yearly. \$16 is not a large return on current price, but the high price of the stock is based on expectations. The company has a large surplus and should some day distribute it among stockholders.

G., LANCASTER, PA.: I do not advise you to buy Pennsylvania R.R., Anaconda Copper or Pierce-Arrow common. Anaconda and Pierce-Arrow pay no dividends and at present are in the speculative class. Pennsylvania's earnings have fallen off so that the maintenance of the dividend is being doubted. It would be safer to buy Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, or Atchison, Montana Power preferred is a good public utility. You might also consider as one of the purchases with your \$1,000 American Woolen pfd., Bethlehem Steel pfd., U. S. Steel pfd., or U. S. Rubber 8 per cent. pfd. If you dispose of your French 5's it might be well to buy French Government 8's rather than the railroad company's 6's.

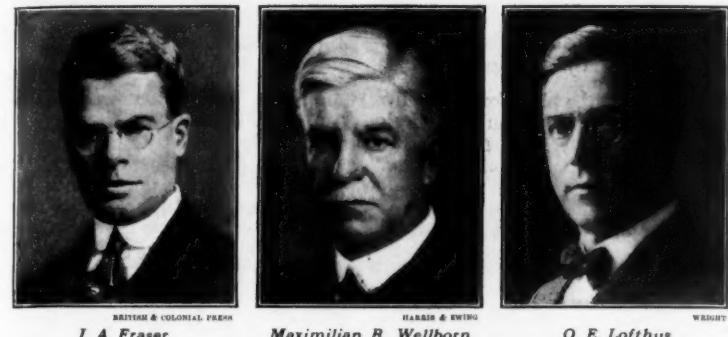
J., BOSTON, MASS.: Municipal bonds of merit and exempt from taxation are almost without number. There still are issues yielding from 6 per cent. to 8 per cent. that may be bought with confidence. Some of these which might be named are City of Hickory, N. C., sewer 6 per cent. bonds, City of Fort Dodge, Iowa, 6 per cent. paving district bonds, City of Phoenix, Ariz., 6 per cent. paving bonds, City of Kissimmee, Fla., lake front improvement 6's, City of Rexburg, Idaho, improvement district number 12 7 per cent. bonds, City of Houston, Tex., 7 per cent. paving certificates, City of Fargo, N. D., 6's. From these you can make satisfactory selections for an investment of \$5,000.

New York, April 9, 1921.

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S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, will furnish any applicant with Circular L, describing opportunities offered by Putts and Calls guaranteed by members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange. **J. S. Bache & Co.**, members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York, offer to send copies of the "Bache Review" free on application. This publication is highly esteemed by business men and investors who read and profit by it.

The G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company, Miami, Fla., offers 7 per cent. first mortgages based on Miami real estate, which are carefully safeguarded. The company will supply any applicant with its references and a readable booklet, No. B-8. **Sexsmith & Co.**, investment securities, 107 Liberty Street, New York, publish the "Investment Review," each issue of which contains a forecast of the securities market based on the technical position. It is illustrated by copyrighted graphs. Write to Sexsmith & Company for a copy.



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24th, 1912

Of LESLIE'S published WEEKLY
at NEW YORK, N. Y. for April 1st, 1921

State of NEW YORK | ss.
County of NEW YORK | ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Thomas B. Felder, who, after being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the Receiver for Leslie-Judge Co., Publishers of LESLIE'S and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Law, and regulations to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager, are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Co., 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Perriton Maxwell, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Man. Ed., J. N. Young, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Bus. Man., None. 2. That the owners and stockholders owning one-half or more of the total amount of stock are: Owners, Leslie-Judge Co., 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. Stockholders: William Green, 627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y.; John A. Stecher, 710 Madison Av., Albany, N. Y.; Estate of Anthony N. Brady, 80 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: John A. Stecher, 710 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.; Mary Peckham Stecher, 215 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Reuben P. Stecher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; William Green, 627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs now above giving the names of the stockholders, and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or persons for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and that no person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities as so stated by him. Thomas B. Felder, Notary Public, Queens County, No. 962, Certified Commission Expires March 30th, 1921.

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Catching a Rainbow

(Concluded from page 414)

road looking around, while Mr. Wilson expanded his little chest, murmuring:

"This certainly feels like a healthful place."

Henry told his party he would meet them shortly, and went to locate a Pine Lakes salesman.

Near the larger lake was the company's office. It had only one occupant when Henry got there—a disconsolate young man. Two prospective purchasers had failed to show up. Henry explained his business.

"I have a buyer out here this afternoon. I wonder if you'd like to show us around? The idea is this," said Henry. "I have a contract with my buyers; they buy only under my supervision."

The young man stared.

"If they are listed with you, I split the commission."

"What's this buyer's name?" asked the Pine Lakes salesman.

"He's not listed with you. He's new. I've brought him here; I may sell him. If you like, you can show us around. Gentlemen's agreement between you and me—one-third to you if he buys here. You don't have to sell him. I'll tend to that. How about it?"

The young man rose to his feet with alacrity. "Lead me to him," he requested.

They went back and Henry introduced Rogers, the Pine Lakes representative.

"Mr. Wilson wants to see some of your houses," said Henry. "A substantial house, not less than four bedrooms."

"I've got just the thing for you," Rogers briskly began. "A beautiful house, four master bedrooms. Just a minute. I'll get a car."

"What's the matter? Is it far?" asked Henry.

"What, the car? No, right near here."

"No, I mean the house," said Henry. "Why shouldn't we walk? We're not tired."

Rogers looked surprised. "Oh, all right."

As they left the chalet Rogers took Mr. Wilson by the arm and with Henry on the other side, started off. Mrs. Wilson and Bess followed.

"This is just the place for you to live, Mr. Wilson," Rogers began expansively. "Finest place in Jersey—beautiful country—high altitude. Look at that view." He waved his hand.

"You're going to have your own railroad station on the property, I understand," Henry interrupted quietly.

"Yes," said Rogers. "Of course. You get right on the train here—five minutes walk from home—and jump right into Hoboken. That's why I'm showing you this particular house. It's one of the closest to the station."

"How far is it from the trolley? That's the way you've got to go now," said Henry. "Which house is it? That one up there?"

"Yes, that's it." Rogers turned to Mr. Wilson. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"When is the new station to be built?" Henry continued.

"Oh, most any time now. It's to be right over there," Rogers pointed.

"I understand," said Henry, "that the Lackawanna won't do anything until your population here guarantees them a certain number of commuters. Is that a fact?"

Rogers looked at him as though he doubted his sanity.

Henry laughed. "Oh—that's all right. Mr. Wilson knows all about that."

"You'll have to talk to Mr. Halton, our president, about that," said Rogers. "But I know it's all been arranged for," he concluded lamely.

"We will," said Henry. "Meanwhile we'll figure on the trolley. It's quite a distance over there. But this house certainly will be handy to the new station. Getting it all in mind, Mr. Wilson?"

"You keep it in yours," said Mr. Wilson. "That's enough for me."

All the rest of the afternoon the party walked from one house to another. Then, taking Rogers's card, Henry led them back to the trolley, refusing the automobile, to the astonishment of the salesman.

The next day they started early for Silverwaters. They did not like it nearly so well as the first place they had seen at

Pine Lakes. Mrs. Wilson was enthusiastic about that house. The price too, was all right—\$7,500.00. The property had against it a \$3,500.00 first mortgage at 5 per cent. Rogers said the company would take a \$3,000.00 second mortgage at 6—which left only \$1,000.00 for Mr. Wilson to pay. And the second mortgage installments, with the interest, came to but little more than the rent they had been paying. Henry and Mr. Wilson had figured it all out.

Sunday afternoon they went from Silverwaters to Small Neck, on the North Shore of Long Island. But still Mrs. Wilson liked that house at Pine Lakes best.

By Sunday evening the Wilsons had about decided on Pine Lakes. Henry didn't suggest they look at anything else. He was too clever for that. And as a matter of fact the place did seem to suit them almost perfectly.

"We'll think it over," said Mr. Wilson as they parted. "Drop around and see us some evening the middle of the week. And thank you both, you surely have been a help."

By Wednesday Mr. Wilson had decided he was willing to stand that walk to the trolley, since everything else was all right. The sale went through. The evening of the day Henry received his commission he and Bess sat down to figure out how they stod.

"Capital invested, less than \$100.00," Henry began his summary. "Operating expenses, \$16. Commissions earned, \$375. One-third of \$375.00 to Rogers. That leaves \$250.00 for us, minus operating expenses."

"Yes," said Bess. "We've earned more than \$225.00. You don't count the capital invested, do you Henry?"

"No," said Henry. "That wasn't money spent, only invested. We've earned \$225.00 in about ten days. And from one little ad! What we can do when we get going! Think, sweetheart," he went on earnestly. "Three weeks ago I was only a dub in a rut. It just goes to show what a fellow can do by using his head."

"It certainly does," agreed Bess.

Northcliffe: Journalistic Dynamo

(Concluded from page 415)

sirable visitors). No sooner did this secretary retire than in came another with a pile of letters for signature and several articles for him to look over. An anxious sub-editor of the *Times* hovered in the background awaiting the O. K. of the Chief on one of the leading articles.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S private secretary is a clever fellow. His method of getting his letters signed is to set them around on the tops of the book-cases encircling the outer office. He then stands with a pen, already dipped in ink, while Lord Northcliffe talks of everything else but the topic of the letters.

"Yes, but . . . sign the letters," he interposes as he hands the pen over to Lord Northcliffe. "I'll make notes of your instructions while you sign these things." A few seconds of pen scratching followed as a look of real satisfaction went over the secretary's face.

In the meantime the secretary made motions as though jotting memoranda in his note-book; actually he did not make a mark on the paper.

Napoleon, you remember, used to dictate eight letters at one time while riding horseback. Details are lacking as to how he did it. Northcliffe has the same knack, only he lets other people write the letters, and grants his approval as he signs them. A psychological test of this amazing man probably would reveal that he reads, not

one word at a time, nor one sentence, but actually a whole page.

"This article has gone too strong on the oil question," he declared, abruptly, as he reached the third page of an article on Mesopotamia. Three pages more were turned over in rapid succession. "And I

Melody

By MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

I WATCHED them in the kindling dawn,
And all had gifts, and I looked on—
Such gifts as men for worship bring,
Who are divinely called to sing.
For some, a lyrist's thrilling note,
Of living music in the throat,
Or read's light treble, high and thin,
Or passion of a violin,
Where love grown lyric, sobs and sings,
In ecstasy across the strings.
To lips of each was lent—
But not to mine—an instrument.

Ah, must I still, when suns have set,
And dusk is chill, be waiting yet;
With hands that hold nor harp nor
lute;
With lips that quiver, but are mute?
Or shall song come, where worship
dwells,
Into a heart like Israel's.
And dare the earliest evening star,
In cloudy spaces nebular,
Where sudden music of the spheres,
Shall pierce the lyric silences!

don't like the conclusion. It's not crisp enough. Then Mesopotamia is spelt wrong in the second paragraph on page four. Otherwise it's all right."

Another editor arrived with more material. "Yes, give them to me," he grunted, as he leaped into his overcoat. "I'll look through them in the motor trip over."

Then he hurried down the long corridor, running like a school-boy released from classes, pursued unsuccessfully by his secretary with two unsigned letters.

Today Lord Northcliffe is paying the price that every man pays who overworks the human machine. Since the end of the war he has sought the restoration of his health all over the Continent. He has suffered several collapses—nervous breakdowns. He is an ill man. But even from his sick-bed, when doctors warned him to be quiet and rest, he continued to direct the policies of his papers. It's a sad day for him when he does not send a score of telegrams or as many telephone messages to his editors. Nothing short of complete exhaustion prevents him from suggesting every day the leading editorial for the *Times*. It is a superstition current among those who work for him that when his strenuous spirit departs from his body, his ghost will still haunt the purloins of Printing House Square or Tudor Street to prod his staff into fevers of superhuman energy, or bully them into an attempt to achieve the impossible.

One—Two—Three—Four Flights!

The lovely burden which in his infatuation he had so gaily gathered into his strong young arms had become a dead weight. As with bursting chest he scaled one by one the last few steps, it seemed to him he was carrying something monstrously heavy, something horrible, which suffocated him, and which every moment he felt tempted to throw from him in rage. This ascent of the staircase in the sad gray light of the morning—how typical of their whole history! How typical of the history of thousands like them who yield to the insidiously seductive doctrine: "Eat, drink, play, for the rest is not worth while!"

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